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—That they are, or they are not, the particular tires suited to your particular car.

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That is why the United States Tire Company makes five different tires—a tire to meet every need of price and use—the only complete line offered by any tire manufacturer.

One of the five is made for your car—will give you the lowest cost per mile.

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United States Tire Company

"Chain" "Nobby" "Uaco" "Royal Cord" "Plain"

"INDIVIDUALIZED TIRES"

"Chain" Tread
One of the Five

PRISONERS TRANSFERRED BY SWEDEN'S GOOD OFFICES ARE PITIFUL SPECIMENS OF HUMANS

Former Fighters Are Wrecks—Russians Say They Were Well Treated in Germany—Typhus Adds to Horrors Inflicted By Shells and Bullets of Enemy in Battle.

Stockholm, Sweden, May 31.—The great task of exchanging wounded prisoners between Russia and Germany through Sweden will be continued throughout the summer. The exchange applies only to those prisoners totally unfit to serve again. One glimpse at a train load of these miserable war derelicts leaves no doubt as to their disability. Missing legs, missing arms, sightless eyes, shattered jaws, twisted spines and there are the glassy stare which tells its own story of a burned-out brain—these are the evidences the Swedish people see of the war that surrounds them.

The transfer through Sweden is handled entirely by the Swedish Red Cross, or "Roda Korset," of which Prince Carl, brother of the King, is the actual and active head. The German prisoners are received from the Russians at Haparanda at the Swedish-Finnish frontier, only a few miles south of the sweep of the Arctic circle. In trains specially fitted for their use the maimed and twisted wrecks of men are taken south through the entire distance of Sweden, a journey of three nights and two days, the pace of the train being timed for the utmost of comfort. At Trelleborg, the southernmost part of Sweden, the one-time soldiers of the Fatherland are placed upon German hospital transports for the short sail across the southern reach of the Baltic to the German port of Sassnitz. From there they are taken to Hamburg and held in detention for one month as a guarantee against the importation of any infectious disease. This quarantine period ended, the prisoners are returned to their relatives and homes.

In the case of the Russian prisoners the operation is just reversed. They are received from the German ships at Trelleborg and are taken to the north through the glowing sunshine and the mysterious nights of the Arctic latitudes, where soon the days will fade one into another with only a shadow or twilight in between. The work has begun this year with one train a week, and the percentage of the train consist of sixteen cars and have a capacity of about 235 soldiers. When the work is fully under way, the rate of exchange will be about 3,000 prisoners a month, a percentage of "totally unfit" among the men must be comparatively small, some idea may be gained as to the total number of prisoners held on both sides of the Russian-German battle line.

The first train started north from Trelleborg with the burden of 230 physical and mental derelicts—a ghastly assortment of parts of men, they hobbled or were carried down the gang-plank of the hospital steamer at Trelleborg the procession seemed like a veritable outpouring from the depths of an inferno. It was plain to be seen that each man there had come to grips with Death and had fought his way out of that grim clench only at a terrible cost of wound and scar. Pallid faces and sunken eyes told the story almost as quickly as empty sleeves and folded trouser-legs. Down this narrow steamer-plank they came, awkwardly trying to manipulate the unfamiliar crutches. A right leg was missing here, a left there, and

in some cases perhaps only a foot was gone.

The debarkation from this strange ship of broken men had been under way for ten minutes perhaps when there suddenly appeared among the human fragments at the foot of the gangway a man who had been entirely right leg and both eyes forever gone to shore. Both of his legs were gone and his head scarcely showed above the gangway rails as he swung the remnants of his body along between two stubby little crutches. It soon developed, however, that he was not alone in his misery for there were several others like him. It seemed that the crutch and the eye were gone, for the doctors said the number of "leg-cases" was unusually high in this first shipment of human wreckage home to Russia. One of the leg cases was a leg of fifteen. His left limb was gone well above the knee, but with the dexterity of youth he had learned to hop along with only one leg and so with a minimum of other away as so much impediment.

But upon the "arm-cases" and the "hand-cases" were very much in evidence and at last came the wholly helpless. There was one soldier with a right leg and both eyes forever gone, another with an arm gone and a shattered foot supported in a rope sling about his neck. Then came the men crazed by the shock of battle or suffering from acute melancholia. One of the latter never ceased to cry. There were but three Russian officers in the first exchange. Two of these were medical officers. One was paralyzed as a result of typhus, another was in the last stages of tuberculosis. Few of the Russians had ever seen the sea until they were taken aboard the transport and on the voyage across the Baltic most of them were violently ill—a happy ship's company indeed.

Through the courtesy of Prince Carl the correspondent of The Associated Press was extended the privileges of the Red Cross train. It was wonderful to see the difference one night on neutral soil and an understanding that they were really bound for Russia at last effected in the men. When the train stopped at a junction point for breakfast the poor cripples hobbled to the station platform, most of them apparently happy and wholly content with life. Oddly enough the broadest smile wreathed the face of one of the men with the fewest legs. Breakfast was ready and piping hot. It was a bountiful repast of meats, fruits, and vegetables, each man with a glass of milk or coffee. There was a glass of food was brought on and served, however, in the manner the meal was approached. Everything was calm and orderly. The men without legs were helped on to the eating benches, the others largely managed for themselves. Only about thirty meals had to be served on board the train. One man at the tables faintly as the food was brought on and willed in a heap on the dining room floor. Red Cross orderlies carried him back to his bed on the train.

The train stopped for two hours at the breakfast station, was quite thoroughly cleaned and resupplied. After breakfast there was a promenade of the wounded up and down the platform. A party of three Americans who had obtained permission to visit the station, distributed cigars and cigarettes among the men and soon all

were smoking as they scrambled along. Each man also had a flower on his coat, pinned there by the pink-necked Swedish girls who had served the breakfast. The tables, too, had been decorated with blooms. The wounded men were well clothed in regulation prison uniform furnished by the Germans. The overcoats were well made if a trifle light for the rigors of a northern winter. The German shoes appeared sturdy and strong.

All of the Russians said they had been well treated in Germany and that the German nurses in particular had been very kind to them. "But they probably will tell another story in Russia," said a Swedish doctor, "not that they mean to be malicious or misrepresent matters, but they are anxious for all the sympathy they can get."

Before it was time for the train to resume its journey a group of prisoners gathered at one end of the station platform. They were waiting for one of the blind men. He lifted his voice in the most plaintive sort of melody and the others joined in the chorus. They had heard from home, perhaps, when the conductor's whistle sent them shuffling aboard and they were still singing and waving such hands as they had left, as the train pulled out.

The great impression left from contact with the Russian prisoners was the absence of all realization of what the future meant to them. Ever and anon they had been kind and looked after. What of the time when they must shift for themselves? Such thoughts seemed not to enter their head.

The one idea which filled their poor souls was that they were going home. Some had not heard from home for more than a year, but that was all right now. They were going home—home to stay.

TRUMBULL

Miss Cora E. Beach spent the weekend at the home of her sister, Mrs. Miles L. Shelton of Oxford.

Robert Bowker is driving a new touring car.

Twenty-five of the women of the neighborhood were very pleasantly entertained Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Rollin E. Burton. Mrs. Burton's guests were as follows: Mrs. Edwin J. Klock, Mrs. Charles Ensign, Mrs. Charles Scott, Miss Marcia Williams, Mrs. Edward Thornton, Mrs. Charles Shepherd, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Arthur Plumb, Mrs. Leon Beardsley, Mrs. Albert Linley, Miss Ruth Linley, Mrs. Samuel Ward, Mrs. Jennie Bowker, Mrs. Daniel Ward, Mrs. Frank Wells, Mrs. Joseph M. Tucker, Miss Mildred E. Tucker, Mrs. Benjamin Hicks, Mrs. Howard S. Beach, Mrs. Charles N. Everts, Mrs. Albert Christie, Miss Cora E. Beach, Mrs. Burr F. Beach, Mrs. Emil T. Berger and Josephine Carey.

Albert S. Brinsmade is building a garage for Ralph Medley of Long Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Birk and daughter, spent the week end and holiday with friends at Silver Sands. The Boy Scouts held their regular meeting at the town hall, Friday evening. Edward Stroebel has taken Mr. Shepherd's place as scout master. Mr. Stroebel is a member of the C. A. C. and has much of interest to teach the boys.

We are prepared to show you the latest variety of up to date millinery in white hemp straw hats, white millan straw hats, Bangkok straw hats, natural panama, natural leghorn and trimmings of every description at wholesale prices at E. H. Dillon & Co., 1105 Main street.—Adv.

GRADUATION BASKETS AND BOUQUETS. JOHN RECK & SON.

CHICAGO LEVIES TOLL ON EARLY G.O.P. VISITORS

Prices Soar As Advance Crowd Arrives For Republican Convention.

"HEADQUARTERS" ARE \$1,000 FOR ONE DAY

Season Tickets For Big Gathering Cost \$250 Each and Many Pay.

Chicago, May 31.—The work of getting Chicago ready for what are scheduled to be the greatest political shows that ever played the Windy City is not unlike that of preparing the county fair grounds for the annual exhibit of fat steers, elderberry pies and crops.

A large and industrious army of exhibitors, press agents and managers and a score of delegates who will try to graft two Republican factions into one are industriously setting up the tents, making a lot of foolish predictions and guesstimates for tickets that, like everything else in the Windy City, have a substantial market value.

It is obvious to the most casual observer that, 10 days ahead of the meeting of the "Straight Goods Republican" and Progressive National Conventions, tickets of admission are of vastly more importance than candidates for President, Vice President and platform.

It is also superfluous to add that the "best seats" are to be obtained from the gentlemanly speculators. Quotations today for front row season seats range from \$150 to \$250, with lots of takers.

Political activities are confined to the idle gossip of "headquarters managers," who have been sent on ahead to spend the money of their respective "favorite sons" and send back glowing reports of prospects. Prosperity is the keynote of these managers. They all appear to have fat bankrolls to loan to the managers of the Chicago hotels.

Not less than seven headquarters intended to promote the aspirations of men who think they stand a chance of drawing the privilege of running against Mr. Wilson have been opened so far, with more to come.

A few of these quarters come as high as \$1,000 a day, starting next Thursday, when the first actual feature of the program is scheduled to take place—the meeting of the Republican National Committee to pass on half a dozen contests between delegations, mainly from the South.

None of these battles promises anything like the fun of four years ago, when the committee President Taft steamroller over the friends of Col. Roosevelt in batches of a dozen a day, and provoked a wall that made the process vastly entertaining for the spectators. They have no more conflicts which may decide whether one of the favorite sons is going to have nine votes on the first ballot for President, or only six.

The only man mentioned in connection with the Presidential nomination who is apparently without interest in either delegate contest or headquarters is Supreme Court Justice Hughes. He has no more than a hall bedroom in any of the leading or second class hotels; nor does he or his friends seem to care whether any of the delegates secure seats or not. Yet the chief of the political managers, more often on the lips of the headquarters managers than that of any other of the 15 or 20 men who are regarded by their managers as having a "chance." The justice himself is not nearly so much interested in the contest as to what delegates from his own state will present his name, or how many delegates really favor him.

What will be the attitude of Col. Roosevelt toward him? All any of the men who are frankly ambitious to lead the fight against the Democratic President whose nomination is a thousand to one shot, also is problematical.

The colonel himself is not the same sort of man of mystery as the justice, because all of the managers and delegates so far heard from know what he is after, and a lot of them are so sure that he will get it after the gong sounds for the actual hostilities to begin.

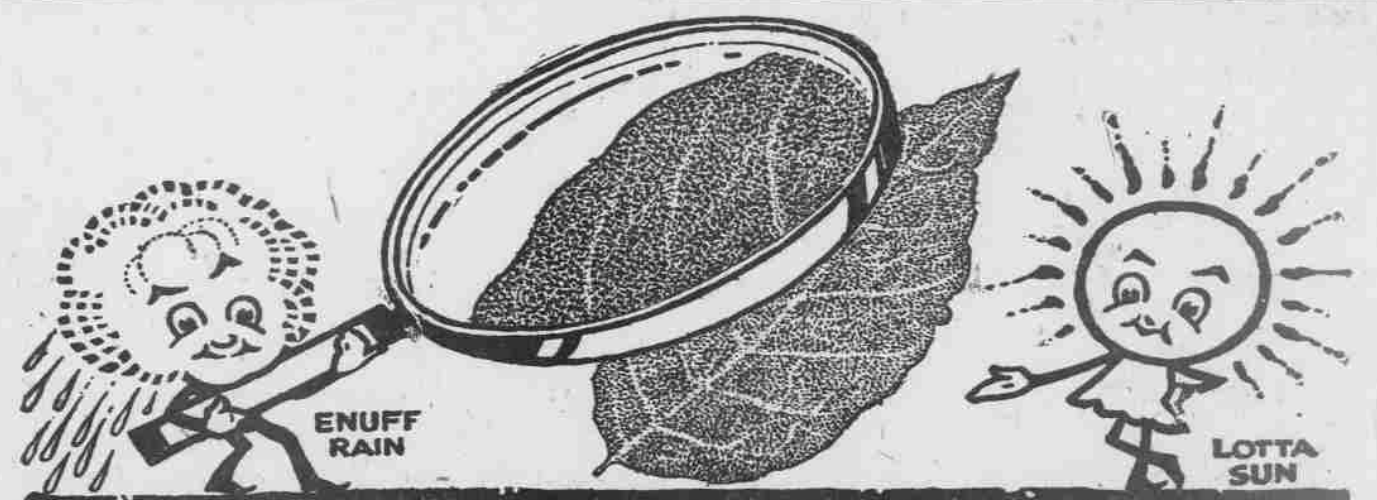
The colonel is destined to figure more actively than the justice. All indications as to the final outcome of the attempt to combine the two factions turn upon his plans and those of his friends in the "straight goods" convention.

For the time being the colonel's supporters who remember those of other men figuring on any number of improbable combinations of eventualities, are playing in with the regulars, for the purpose of "trimming" the justice.

It is conceded by the men who are determined to prevent the colonel's nomination by the regular convention that he practically holds the fate of the justice in his hand. They agree that if he turns down his thumbs or puts the Indian sign opposite the name of the distinguished New York jurist the latter will not figure in the final contest.

Consequently, the old line bosses are centering their efforts on the colonel to convince him that Mr. Hughes is really the greatest obstacle that stands in his way of landing the nomination for himself. One of the most surprising features of the situation, as seen through western eyes, is that there is little or no denunciation of the colonel at present among the regulars.

The regulars are confident that they have their convention stacked to make it impossible for the colonel to get the nomination. But they make no secret of the fact that they want him to "come home." He undoubtedly can frame the leading feature or features of the party platform if he will drop a lot of the "nonense" about racial "justice," etc. They will not give him the nomination, but he probably can have everything else he wants, even to naming the man



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for President, under certain restrictions as to individuals. He may even have all the tickets he wants to the big show, and no other candidate can hope for more than 10, which may explain the motive of some of them for entering the race.

The atmosphere is not at all unfriendly to the colonel, at present writing, of course, it may merely indicate a calm before the storm. But certain it is that there is no tendency on the part of the managers of the other aspirants for the chief honors to throw unkind adjectives at the Progressive leader.

This fact was emphasized, when National Chairman Hillis emerged from his retirement of four years to grant an interview. Mr. Hillis was secretary to former President Taft. The latter wished the National Chairmanship on his secretary and nobody has ever tried to take it away from him.

Mr. Hillis, dodging the ticket raiders, expressed the hope that there might be "complete harmony in the Republican party at the coming convention." He declared that there would be room for Republicans of all factions, without reference to their affiliations of the past. The National Chairman pronounced the outlook for harmony to be "very bright."

"We will meet without prejudice against any man who has the right of the country at heart," said Mr. Hillis, "and I have every reason to believe that there will be a fair fight for the honor of heading the ticket, and that the man who develops the greatest strength will be nominated."

"We are also sure that he will command the support of every Republican, irrespective of his former alliance. With a good candidate and a patriotic platform, the party will sweep the country in November. I do not entertain the slightest doubt that the friendly contest for the nomination will result in the selection of a man that all Republicans can support."

The supporters of the colonel, captained by Herbert Satterlee, brother-in-law of J. P. Morgan, and J. C. Davis, declined to make any comment or prediction as to what effect the bid for peace from Mr. Hillis will have on their star.

All inquiries regarding the statement of the National Chairman were referred to the colonel. As he is to spend a couple of hours in town, on his way to Kansas City to-morrow, he may have some comment to make about it, but the chances are he will not. One of his spokesmen soliloquized the other night: "Soft words break no bones but we'll wait and see if they're on the list. Hillis is not fooling any one but himself. We're going to put over the colonel, and that's all there is to it."

The German Publishers' Association in conjunction with the German-American Alliance, provided a mild sensation in the afternoon by adopting resolutions protesting against the nomination for President of Col. Roosevelt or Elith Root.

Both were declared to be antagonistic to the interests represented at the gathering, which was attended by publishers representing newspapers published in the German tongue in most of the large cities of the country. The speeches indicated the determination of the editors and the representatives of the German-American Alliance to oppose the colonel and Mr. Root through spokesmen who, it was said, would sit in the Republican convention as delegates.

The gathering also resolved to offer the draft of a so-called "fair neutrality plank" to be incorporated in the platform, censuring the Wilson Administration for its policy toward German interests.

The supporters of both Col. Roosevelt and Mr. Root declared that the attitude of the German-American editors would help instead of hurting their chances.

OUR NEWTOWN NEWS LETTER

(Special to The Farmer.)

Newtown, May 31.—Samuel F. Tillson, one of the aged residents of Sand Hook, died at his home early Saturday morning of diseases incident to old age. He was born in Vermont in 1823, and came to Sand Hook in 1850, being among the pioneer manufacturers on the Pohtatuck river. For over a quarter of a century he was engaged in the manufacture of combs and buttons, also straw paper board, and together with his partner, Daniel Hall, ran a country store, under the firm name of Hall & Tillson. The advent of the large New York rubber corporation into Newtown put an end to the old workshop on this stream as all the power privileges of the acre or more were taken up by the larger aggregation of capital. The firm of Hall & Tillson was dissolved shortly after. The senior partner, Hall, removed to Southbury, and the deceased took up the business of farming and dairying. Mr. Tillson was always interested in Newtown affairs, and in his younger days took active part in public affairs. He was generally liked. He was twice married. His wife, daughters of Zenus, son of a pioneer family in the settlement of Sand Hook. He is survived by two sons, Josiah A. Tillson, the well known expressman, and Julius F. Tillson, who lives on the ancestral farm. He leaves several grandchildren also.

A class of 11 received first Holy Communion at St. Rose's church, Sunday.

The Woodside club of Ansonia will give a minstrel show tonight at the town hall for St. Rose's parish.

Miss Jennie Kelly of West street was tendered a surprise linen shower at her home Friday night on her arrival there from her labors in the telephone exchange.

Miss Evelyn Chapin and Miss Clara Sheehan, arranged the details of the pleasant affair. Upon the arrival of Miss Kelly at her home she was on the point of extinguishing the lamp and retiring when from every part of the parlor, reception room and halls she was bombarded by packages of linen napery thrown from friends concealed behind sofas, chairs and draperies. The lights were turned on, and the young woman found the rooms artistically decorated, and a table laden with a delicious luncheon prepared for the occasion and later enjoyed by all. Miss Kelly, who will soon become the bride of a Southport seaman, was overcome at first but rallied, and led in the games, music both vocal and instrumental which followed. She was the recipient of a generous dowry in the way of napery and kitchen accessories. Besides her associates in the telephone central station the following young friends were present and wished her Godspeed on her life mission: The Misses Margaret, Mary and Noma Grove, Mary Anna and Cecilia Troy, Mrs. Adolph Carlson, Mrs. Gustave Carlson, Miss Anna Carlson, Mrs. L. B. Cavanaugh, Misses Susie and Catherine Cavanaugh, Miss Pearl Canfield, Misses Mary and Sadie Ready, Mrs. Anna Sheehan, Miss Florence Sheehan, Miss Rose Quinn, Miss Aline Houlihan and Miss Margaret Bradley.

James Hunihan, aged 40 years, a Zoar district farmer, was killed Saturday afternoon when a spirited horse

he was driving ran away. The accident occurred near the Berkshire school house where his body was found by John Kuscers, a Hungarian who lives an eighth of a mile away. The horse, driverless, coping by his home was caught by Kuscers about 1 o'clock and believing the owner would soon follow to claim his property, he hit the horse and went about his business. It was nearly 4 o'clock when the farmer driving to the railroad station discovered the body by the roadside where it had lain for three hours. He immediately gave the alarm, to which neighbors responded, who identified the body. Clark Page notified the authorities. In the absence of Dr. W. H. Kiernan, medical examiner of Newtown, Dr. W. H. of Monroe was called. He pronounced it accidental death. The first to respond to the call was Rev. George T. Sinnott, pastor of St. Rose's church, but Hunihan was past religious rites, but he broke the sad news to the mother and sister in their home nearby. (Both were overwhelmed by the shock of the death, and the aged mother is reported as in a precarious condition today.)

No formal action will be taken by the board of school visitors in the matter of the Flag Day celebration June 14. The school children to the number of 30 met at the High school building Saturday, and rehearsed the patriotic songs and national pageant to be presented on that occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Eehn returned Saturday night from a visit of several days in Lowell, Mass., where they attended the commencement exercises of the Lowell Institute at which their son, Harold Behn, finished a four years' course with honors. Before returning in company with their son they visited the historic places in and around Boston. Afterwards they made a detour to Thompson, Conn., and visited the model farm owned by Mrs. Pein's brother. The whole trip was a delightful event in the lives of these Deddingtown residents.

Pierce Clark has opened the Central House for the summer sojourn of his patients. A large retinue of attendants accompany the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Glover and family returned to Bridgeport Tuesday, where they spent the day.

Miss Lillian Hartigan and sister Bessie, of Bridgeport, spent Decoration Day at the Newtown Inn.

A family party consisting of John Burton, Eli Beers and Charles G. Peck enjoyed dinner at the Inn Tuesday.

Misses Winnie Paetsch, Cassey Sewell, Marguerite Kildridge, Mary Roach and Winnie Ward were visitors in Bridgeport Memorial Day.

An exciting game of baseball was played at the Knoll yesterday between the Handy Hook team and the Liberty Athletic club of Danbury. The former team won. The score was 4 to 3. It is admitted to be the best game ever played on the Knoll field and received generous support both in numbers and in enthusiasm of the fans.

THIRTY JAPANESE ARRESTED IN CHINA

Amoy, China, May 31.—Thirty Japanese from Formosa were arrested today by Chinese police after serious rioting in which two of the rioters were killed and others were wounded. All of the streets are guarded by heavily armed patrols. The United States ship Cincinnati, in port, and the United States gunboat El Cano arrived in Swatow yesterday.

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